

COL. BRECKINRIDGE CONFESSES HIS SIN.

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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HIGH JINKS IN THE "RED ONION."

A WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY MAN AND SEVERAL GIRLS CAPTURED IN A RAID IN HAMILTON, O.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE.
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BRECKINRIDGE'S DEFENSE.

No scandal of recent times has attracted more attention than the Pollard-Breckinridge case, now on trial in Washington, D. C. The prominence of the defendant, Congressman Breckinridge, has given it National interest and started discussions on the morality of our shining lights in legislative halls. Until his dual life became known, Col. Breckinridge was the most popular lawyer and politician in Kentucky. He was widely known as the silver-tongued orator. His speeches in Congressional halls, and his addresses before religious bodies, won him the respect and admiration of the people in general. Yet, according to his own statement, while he was utilizing his brilliant oratory in advocating the true principles of Christianity, and while his wife was alive, he began a criminal intimacy with Madeline Pollard, then a school-girl, and continued it until a recent date. He admits that a marriage contract was entered into, but declares that it was made simply to shield the girl's reputation, and that both parties agreed it should be broken. A year or so after the death of his wife, Col. Breckinridge married a widow, and Miss Pollard instituted the present suit.

The fact that the intimacy existed and that a marriage contract was made, has been pretty clearly established at the trial, and it would appear perfectly natural for the jury to return a verdict in favor of the plaintiff. No doubt Col. Breckinridge's lawyers realize this, and are making an effort to lessen the amount of damages by introducing evidence to show that Miss Pollard was not a girl of good moral character at the time she and Col. Breckinridge became intimate. In other words, they will plead that Col. Breckinridge, a man fifty years old, the flower of Kentucky, was duped and led astray by a designing school girl. They will charge blackmail and accuse the girl of having been intimate with other men. This is a remarkable defense for a Kentucky colonel to set up, and his Blue Grass admirers are not as proud of their silver-tongued orator as they were before the trial. If the jury are convinced Miss Pollard was as wicked as Col. Breckinridge asserts, they may decide that her feelings and character were not damaged \$50,000 worth, and console her with a lesser amount. Meanwhile the POLICE GAZETTE will faithfully report the progress of the trial.

MASKS AND FACES.

Measuring Stars and Chorus
Girls For Tights.

KILANYI LIVING PICTURES.

Most of Them Are Nude and Have
Created a Sensation.

ODETTE TYLER TO MARRY A GOULD.

I was chatting recently with a friend of mine who was once a member of the Casino chorus, but who is now the principal assistant of one of our best known costumers, when I heard a breezy swish of skirts behind me.

The skirts contained some charming bits of femininity, I assure you, and the seal-skirt sacques that were worn over the skirts evidenced so much prosperity that I felt sure they belonged to nothing less than *prime donne*.

Not a whit embarrassed at my presence, the opening proposition of the young women made me blush. "We have come to get measured for our tights," said one of them, in most matter-of-fact tones.

Appreciating the fact somehow that I was one too many, I said I would call again in an hour.

There was a twinkle in the eyes of the young girl behind the counter when I returned.

"Is that a usual thing?" I asked, referring to the tight incident. "I had no idea that they were made to

measure. The stuff is elastic, and I thought general proportions would be sufficient, and that they were kept in stock—like stockings, for instance."

"You are right and wrong," she answered. "They are kept in stock in the solid colors that are most worn, and they are good enough for ordinary purposes; but there are many times when something out of the ordinary is demanded. Frequently we get special orders to costume a ballet or a chorus in tights that show a half dozen colors. In that case they must be made to order, and the colors are specified. No, we do not measure for the chorus and ballet. The size of the foot and the length of the leg are general measurements that suffice. What matters it if the tights of one or two of the back row show a wrinkle?"

I thought of Marie Jansen, Pauline Hall, Marie Tempest, Camille D'Arville, or even Lillian Russell, and the many other stars of shapely form, risking their success on any such chance, so I said, decidedly:

"But the stars—they are always measured, are they not? That would only be appreciation, when nature has done so much."

"Oh, yes," she replied. "They are always measured. They give us sometimes a sample of the color we are to match, and if we haven't it in stock, we get the raw silk you see here dyed to match the exact shade. Their tights cost a great deal, and they might as well be measured as not. Of course, these are not always worn next to the skin. They are generally put on over a pair of cotton tights so made as to soften all angular outlines and to conceal the—the unkindness of nature. This is done by placing 'slices'—in other words, waving lumps of softest white wool on the inside of the cotton under-tights wherever the asymmetrical outline of the leg is deficient. And no two pairs of legs are alike."

I came away a much wiser man.

The Kilanyi living pictures, which created a sensation at the Palace Theatre, in London, some months ago, have been added to the other many features in Rice's "1492." The display is made between the acts, and the stage is draped in a triangular shape for the purpose.

Realistically Sensational! "A Guilty Love,"
No. 6 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, is having an immense sale. It is spicy, sensational and contains 141 handsome illustrations. Price 50 cents, by mail. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

Huge folding curtains are hung at the apex and are drawn aside by pretty pages, disclosing, in turn, in a massive gold frame reproductions of famous paintings and pieces of statuary, in which the figures are represented by living persons and the accessories have the substance of reality. In pose, in color and in effect the works are of absolute fidelity. The lights are admirably managed, and the impression produced is positively startling.

Most of the subjects are nudes, and Mr. Von Kilanyi, with the sense of the true in art, has not deemed it necessary to modify the creations of such masters of the brush and the chisel as he has seen fit to reproduce, by addition of drapery which begets suggestion where it does not normally exist. This art gallery of living pictures and statuary contains many well-known works.

The hits were made by Thumann's "Psyche at the Well," in which the grace of the female figure, the freshness of the verdured landscape and the limpid atmosphere produced a most delightful picture, and by the very clever reproduction of the "Venus of Milo." The woman posed as the most celebrated of female

Actors and actresses are talking of nothing else but the coming marriage of Odette Tyler to Howard Gould. Miss Tyler, whose real name is Bessie Kirkland, is a Tennessee girl and has been on the stage for seven years. Her first hit was made at the Madison Square Theatre in "Featherbrain," when she took the part of a girl actress. When Miss Tyler becomes Mrs. Howard Gould she will retire permanently from the stage.

That bright woman and clever actress, Marie Jansen, has been talking about her hopes and ambitions for publication.

"My position in comedy," says Miss Jansen, "and the way I have been received by the public ought to satisfy the ambition of any actress—and probably would me—but I am of an independent nature, and my life-long ambition has been to be free and untrammelled, just as I love to discard the habiliments of my sex and assume those of the sterner. I love to appear as a boy without the cumbersome stays that are a part of a feminine wardrobe. I simply speak of this as indicative of my desire for freedom."

"Aside from my professional ambition, I hope that some time when managers have ceased to find me remunerative property, for I suppose such a time will come—it comes to all of us—I will have an establishment of my own, where I can entertain men of bright mind; men whose conversation it is a pleasure to listen to, and who entertain you without an effort at entertaining. In fact, I would love to be a perfect Peg Woffington. Next to my house I would have another fitted for bachelors, so that when my friends came their quarters would be ready for them and their stay might be an hour, day or week, as it suited their tastes and likings."

"You see," continued Miss Jansen, "there is a trait of Bohemianism in my composition and it is my ambition, when my allotment of labor is finished, to preside over such an establishment. I am not and never was anxious for the peace and bliss that are supposed to be a part of a matrimonial condition, and I do not look forward to such a condition either as a personal gratification or a stepping-stone to any position that is not possible for me in a state of single existence."

"I don't mean to say by this that I would never marry—many well-meaning people have married time and again—as there might be conditions or circumstances that would induce me to give up the freedom I love so much for a matrimonial condition, but I have no desire for it and only look forward to prominence in my chosen profession and at the end of my usefulness in a professional sense, I am ambitious to live surrounded by my friends."

Quite a laudable ambition and thoroughly in keeping with Miss Jansen's domestic nature. When a *prima donna* possessed of both artistic and physical attractions has signed contracts with two different managers for the same season complications are sure to arise. That condition of affairs seems to exist at present in the case of Lillian Russell-Perugini, and whether she is going to continue queen of comic opera at the Casino, or is to blossom forth in a more pretentious role, the lawyers will probably help to decide.

This much is known. In October last Mrs. Perugini signed a contract with her present managers to continue for a year, with the privilege of renewal for another year on the part of the managers, provided they notified of such intention before the end of February. On St. Valentine's day she received such a notification, but, alas! there had been no more faithful attendant at the "Carmen" matinees at the Metropolitan Opera House than the fair singer. She made a profound study of Emma Calvé, and it was reported that Signor Perugini was encouraging her to attempt a higher artistic flight. Then came an offer from Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, and the temptation was too great to be overcome. How it will all end, none but the dicky birds know.

Vesta Tilley, a great favorite in the London music halls, will shortly sail for this country and appear for six weeks at Tony Pastor's. May Irwin confessed to me the other day that her struggle to obtain a footing on the legitimate stage had determined her to stick to farce-comedy.

"I was four years with Augustin Daly," she said, "and the harder I worked for the artistic the more uncontrollable my desire became to introduce new lines and 'business' which I knew would take with the audience. During my last season with Mr. Daly I introduced a speech in one of his German adaptations, and it took all right, but when I made my exit I was met by him and he exclaimed:

"Was that speech in your lines?"

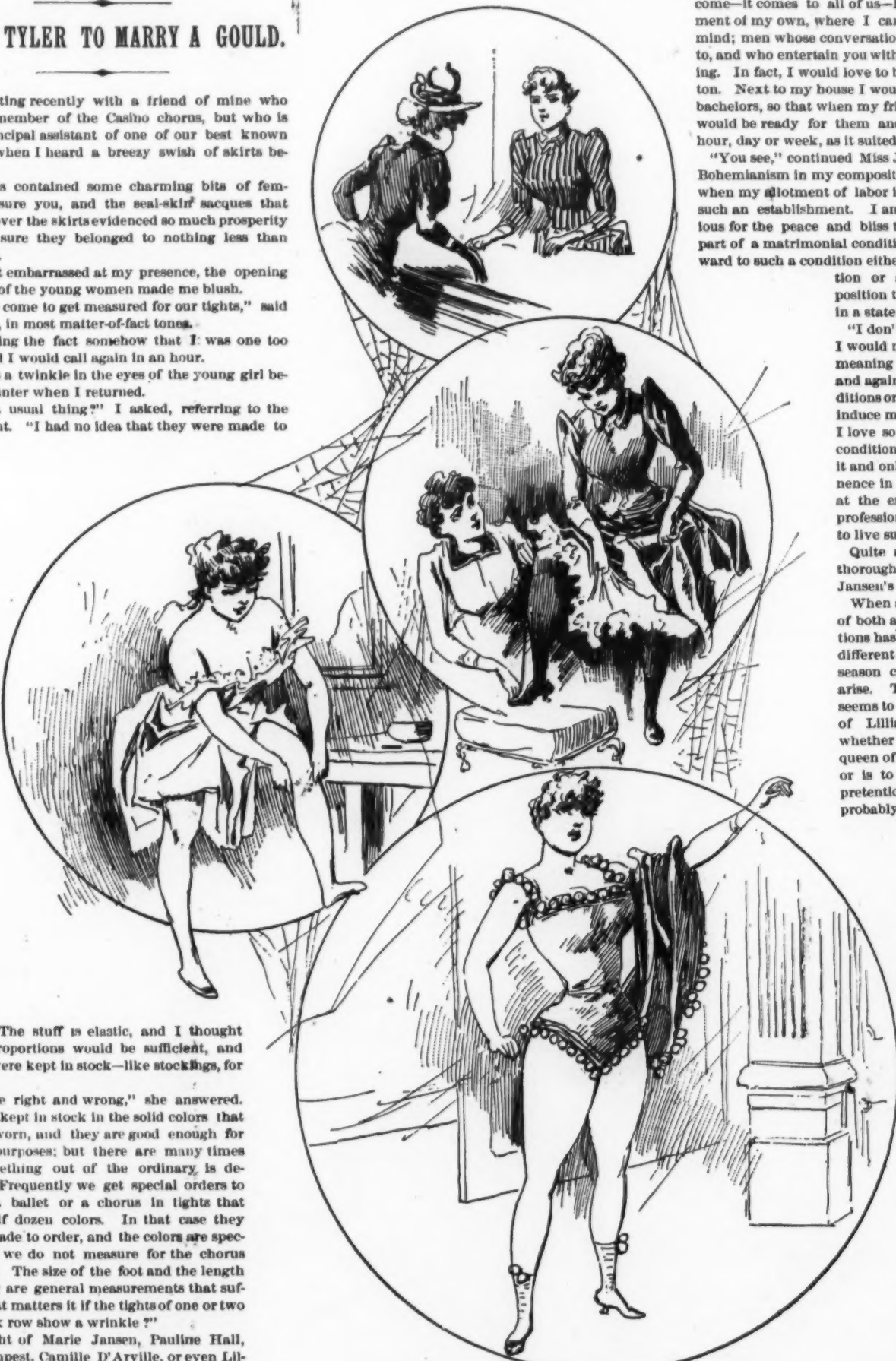
"No," I replied, "but it went well, didn't it?"

"And I favored him with a large, joyous smile, wondering all the time whether he would increase my salary or give me a better position in the company. He answered in very sepulchral tones:

"You will remain content with the lines of the author, Miss Irwin, if you please."

"This did discourage me, and at the end of that season I resigned and went back to farce-comedy."

Was she "Mistress or Wife?" by Paul de Kock. No. 13 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. An exquisite story, in the best vein of the famous French writer, with 72 unique illustrations. Price 50 cents, by mail or from any newsdealer. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



A PAIR OF TIGHTS.

statues wore black gloves, which, by merging into the background, brought into perfect relief the mutilated torso of the Louvre's priceless treasure. These pictures are certain to become town talk.

Sadie Martinot has been followed by an eccentric playwright for a week or so who talks to her at every opportunity about his plays.

"I've had vast experience and can write a play every week," argued the persistent fellow.

"Do you want to make \$100,000?" asked Miss Martinot.

"What a lovely dream. How can I accomplish it?"

"You are a prolific writer?"

"Greatest on earth."

"Then," urged Miss Martinot, "write 100,000 plays and sell them for \$1 each."

I caught a glimpse on Broadway recently of that much photographed stage beauty, Belle Archer, who worked the press of the country very cleverly not long since by making a feint at press work for Carrie Turner.

Belle is a deucedly seductive woman, and, what is rare in this connection, a very brainy one. In her girlhood she wrote dramatic notes—and readable notes they were, too—for the *Sunday Dispatch* of Philadelphia, of which paper her father, James Mingle, was managing editor. One of Belle's schoolmates was Francis Wilson, to-day the most successful of operatic comedians.

BRECKINRIDGE CONFESSES

The Kentucky Statesman Tells the Story of His Fall.

LED ASTRAY BY MADELINE

"I a Man, She a Woman; Human, Both of Us," He Said.

HE CREATES A GREAT SENSATION.

Congressman Breckinridge has begun his defense in the suit instituted against him by Madeline Pollard. The white-haired statesman, the silver-tongued orator, the star of Kentucky, told the court and jury in Washington, D. C., the story of how he was led astray by Madeline Pollard, the little school girl of Wesleyan College. Judge Bradley listened to the confession with averted head and closed eyes. Miss Pollard was in the court room, and she never took her eyes from her aged lover while he was relating the story of their shame.

Col. Breckinridge began his testimony by relating the incidents of their first meeting. Then he followed it up by describing their second meeting in the parlor of Wesleyan College. They spent an hour or an hour and a half in conversation, during which time, the witness declared, Miss Pollard told him that she had been intimate with Rhodes, the man who was paying for her schooling. Continuing his testimony, Col. Breckinridge said:

"I was about to start away, when the plaintiff said: 'What are you going to do to-night?' I said, 'Nothing particular. There's nobody that I know in town.' She said there was a concert at which there was some cornetist, I don't know who, some well-known soloist, who was to play that night. She said she would like to go, and would I take her? I said, 'With pleasure.' I had never been at the place she mentioned where the concert was to take place. I knew that it was on top of the hill, but I did not know which of the streets we had to climb. We were talking about that when she suggested that, as it was a pleasant evening, why should we not drive. I said, 'Certainly, but will they let you go?' I had not met anybody except the person who let me in, who, I judged, was not a servant. I judge that she was a teacher. The plaintiff said, 'I am here as a summer boarder, and there are no rules about going out, but I always let them know where I am going.' Upon which she went out, and in a few moments a gentleman came in with her, whom I recognized at once, though I had not previously known that he was connected with that school, as Mr. Brown. I had met him in Kentucky frequently. He recognized me and shook hands. He said that the plaintiff had asked him about my taking her out, and that he had no objection to it at all.

"I returned to the hotel—the Burnet House—took supper, walked up from the Burnet House, and picked out a carriage without any care. I took one that might have been the first in line. I engaged it from the stand near where the old Post-Office used to be, and I drove up to the college. It was then scarcely dusk. The plaintiff came out. There was a little group sitting upon the veranda. There was at least three ladies and one if not two gentlemen. I was not introduced to any of them.

"In a moment or two the plaintiff came down and got into the carriage. There was nothing said about a close carriage or about my having an affection of the throat. I had no sore throat. There was no allusion whatever to anything of the kind, nor was there any excuse made about the close carriage, nor was there any reason for any excuse. There was nothing that called for any excuse in any way. There was nothing that happened to make any excuse. I had been publicly at the house. I had asked for her publicly. The drive had been agreed upon in an entirely proper way. My conversation with Mr. Brown had been in her presence. I had come to the house publicly with the carriage, and had seen when I got out, the ladies and gentlemen seated on the veranda. There was no attempt to conceal or to make any excuse. Any excuse would have been wholly out of place, nor was there any question of any sort asked."

Gen. Butterworth asked Col. Breckinridge to give some more details about the conversation in the reception room.

"The plaintiff asked me when I was going to Lexington. I said, 'not this evening; some time to-morrow.' This was on Friday. I did not tell her what train I was going on, nor was I aware of that myself. There were two routes to Lexington at that time, the Kentucky Central and the Cincinnati Southern, and, as I was the local attorney of the Chesapeake and Ohio and the general attorney of the Kentucky Central, I had passed over all the roads, and it was a mere matter of convenience to myself. Saturday was the Saturday before our election, and there was to be a torchlight procession, and I was expected to speak."

"Did you say anything to the plaintiff about her going to Lexington?" asked Gen. Butterworth.

"Not a word," replied Col. Breckinridge, very emphatically. "There was not a reference that afternoon

to her going to Lexington. Nothing was said about it that night."

Q. What time did you first learn that there was to be a concert at which this cornetist was to play?

A. My recollection is that the plaintiff told me of it.

Q. Then you did not learn of it from the local paper?

A. I have no recollection of any paper being in my hands except, possibly, a Louisville paper which I had got on my way up to the college. My recollection is that the plaintiff said she was fond of music, and that there would be that night somebody who was rather celebrated in his particular line of music. It may have been a cornetist. I told her I had not been much of a musician.

Q. How long were you at the college that afternoon?

A. Oh, I should say an hour or an hour and a half. We had a pretty long conversation. There was, for a while, rather a light conversation, which deepened into an intensely grave conversation, and then became pleasant and light again. I cannot say exactly, but I know that when I got to the Burnet House it was nearly supper time, and by the time I went to my room and washed my hands and got to the supper table and got supper—they were slow in getting it at the hotel—it was getting on towards dusk, and it was not quite dusk, but nearly dusk, when I got to the college with the carriage.

Q. State whether or not you met the plaintiff at the library in Cincinnati next day?

A. I did not. I was never in the library in Cincinnati in my life.

Q. State if you went with the plaintiff to Mrs. Rose's house?

A. No, sir; not that day, nor next day after my meeting with her at the college.

Q. State what knowledge you had, if any, from her that she was going to Lexington next day?

A. I had none.

Q. When did you first learn of it?

A. When I got on the Cincinnati train. I found her on that train.

Gen. Butterworth then asked: "What do you know of her receiving a telegram alleged to have been sent by you and signed by her mother's name?"

Col. Breckinridge made a very lawyer-like answer to this, saying: "I, of course, know nothing whatever of any telegram

laid and Mr. Breckinridge set out ostensibly to go to the concert and changed their minds.

Col. Breckinridge said that the drive had not lasted as long as the plaintiff had intimated in her testimony. They got back to the school before it was closed. In fact, there were some persons still sitting on the veranda when they got back. They must have got back about 10 o'clock, a few minutes before or a few minutes after.

"Had you any conversation concerning your wife with the plaintiff during that ride?" asked Gen. Butterworth.

Col. Breckinridge looked at the jury and then at Miss Pollard, who took a fresh sheet of paper and prepared to take notes vigorously. Then the witness answered slowly and with emphasis: "None, whatever. My first wife's name was never mentioned. My dead little boy was not alluded to. There was not the slightest reference on my part or hers to domestic matters or circumstances, sorrows or surroundings in any way whatever."

Q. Did you make love to this woman or protest your affection for her in anywise?

A. I did not.

Q. Did you go to hear the music that night?

A. We did not.

Q. State why.

A. I am not sufficiently familiar with the part of Cincinnati that I am speaking of to tell you where it is, but we drove, according to my recollection, northward. The direction to the driver was to go to the place at the Hill Top where the concert was. After we had driven for twelve or fifteen minutes we came to a division of the roads. The road toward the right went up toward

"After we had turned to the left," said the Colonel, "and after we had ridden for some distance, perhaps for fifteen or twenty minutes, perhaps more, she had been talking about her desire to be an authoress and had said something about George Elliot—about that time she took off her hat and put it on the front seat, and I put my arm around her. There was nothing said that I can recall. There was no protestation on my part. There was no offer of love, no artifice required, no anything except that I put my arm around her and drew her to me. What occurred then was—I a man, she a woman, human both of us; I took liberties with her person without any protestation of love on my part, without any resistance or protestation on her part, without any seduction on the part of either to the other. Nothing but human passion between a man such as I was and a woman such as she was. She was willing, complacent on her part. No outcry by her. No resistance by her. No protestation of affection by me."

"How long did you drive after those improper demonstrations?"

"Very soon we turned around and drove back, and she got out of the carriage and I drove to the hotel."

"What did you talk about when you were returning?"

"After we turned around there was hardly a word spoken until we got close to the city—by this time we had got to the gaslight. As we got to the city, I had taken out of my pocket an envelope. I was in the habit of carrying undirected stamped envelopes while absent from home. I took an envelope—one of these blank envelopes—I put my hand in my pocket and put something in the envelope and put it into her hand. She refused to accept it. I said: 'There are a great many little things that you need—things that you have to have.' She declined to accept it. We got closer to the town, and before we got out of the carriage I took her hand and put the envelope in her hand and shut her hand upon it. Then, when we arrived, I opened the carriage door and bade her good-night. She went up the steps of the college, and I, who had got out to bid her good-night, went into the carriage again and drove off."

"What was in the envelope?" asked Gen. Butterworth, softly.

"A bill," said Col. Breckinridge, looking down his nose.

"What was the bill?"

"My recollection of it is that it was a \$10 bill."

"Adjourn the court," shouted Judge Bradley, who had sat through the narrative with his head averted and eyes closed, and the court adjourned.

Previous to Col. Breckinridge testifying Rankin R. Rossell, a school teacher, swore that he was engaged to Miss Pollard during the time she was at Wesleyan College. With many blushes he described how she sat on his lap and how he hugged and kissed her. When asked why the engagement was broken he replied that he lost confidence in a woman who would allow him to hug and kiss her. Other testimony was also introduced to show that Miss Pollard had visited disreputable houses and was a girl of immoral character.

A TRAGEDY IN ST. LOUIS.

A double tragedy occurred in the yard in the rear of William J. Bewig's residence, 3,120 Eads avenue, St. Louis, recently.

Dr. Edward St. G. Courtney, a veterinary surgeon at 2,319 Hickory street, went to the Bewig residence one morning in search of Miss Minnie Schilling, aged seventeen years, who had formerly been in his employ as housekeeper.

The young girl was in the yard and on her refusal to return to Dr. Courtney's house the latter fired a bullet from a 32-calibre revolver into the back of her neck.

The bullet ranged downward and lodged at the spine, inflicting a wound which will probably result in death.

Courtney then fired a bullet into his breast and another into his left temple.

He was removed to the city hospital in a dying condition. Courtney is a married man but his wife does not live with him. Miss Schilling left the employ of Courtney because of his persistent attempts at love-making.

SHOT TO DEATH BY NEGROES.

H. G. Bouldin, a wealthy planter, last year purchased several large tracts of land in Matagorda County, Tex. On these lands negroes imported from Alabama were colonized. Failing to do their work, Bouldin repudiated them.

Late the other day a mob of fifty negroes went to his house and shot him to death. Only one white man resides within miles of Bouldin's place. He soon organized a posse. They first secured the dead man's remains and sent them under escort to the railway station, for shipment to Chappell Hill. Constable Heartt, of Wharton, raised a posse and reports say that sixteen leaders of the negro mob have been captured and jailed in Matagorda. Excitement is intense and a race conflict may occur, as there is every indication that the Matagorda jail will be stormed and the assassins taken out and put to death.

WHIPPED BY A WOMAN.

Quite a sensation was created at Caddo, I. T., the other day by the severe whipping of George Willis by Mrs. Nellie Oberg on the streets. She claims that Willis is the father of her child, some six months old, which he refuses to support. She gave him five or six blows with a heavy leather strap, which brought the blood. Mrs. Willis, mother of George, interfered, when the woman was about to use the strap on her.

Up to Date. "A Modern Siren," No. 17 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. A tale of man's duplicity and woman's folly. From the French of Ernest Daudet, with 66 sensational illustrations. Price 50 cents, sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



HOW MADELINE POLLARD APPEARED WHEN SHE FIRST MET COL. BRECKINRIDGE.

the concert house, and the road to the left went into what I am under the impression was the park. We took the left-hand road.

Q. What was there in the conversation, bearing dress or appearance of the plaintiff when you met her to indicate that she was a girl of immature years?

A. There was nothing to attract my special attention to her age. She seemed to be a young woman of twenty or twenty-one or twenty-two. She might have been nineteen. She was a fully grown young woman. She was perfectly proper in her manners, perfectly respectful, entirely decorous.

Q. Was there anything in her manner or conversation previous to the carriage ride to suggest that she was improper?

A. Nothing in the conversation at the school. Nothing had occurred to give me the slightest impression of anything wrong, except her statement as to the peculiar relations which had grown up under the circumstances which she narrated between herself and Mr. Rhodes.

Q. Aside from that her conduct was correct? Breckinridge (effusively)—Entirely so.

"State why you took the left-hand road instead of going up the hill to hear the music," said Mr. Butterworth.

The silver-tongued orator cleared his throat. "Hum-hum. It was a 'hum-hum' warm evening. In the afternoon I had said to the plaintiff that I would take her to the concert with pleasure, but I did not know much about music, and was not much of a devotee of music, or something of that sort, and when she got up there the night was pretty warm, and she said, 'Maybe you would prefer to ride rather than go to a place where there is hot gas, and where it is uncomfortable.' I said I would do what she wanted to, and she said she would rather ride, and so we took the road to the left. It was a late twilight, and I think if anybody had passed the window of the carriage whom I knew I would have been able, probably, to recognize them. The windows were open."

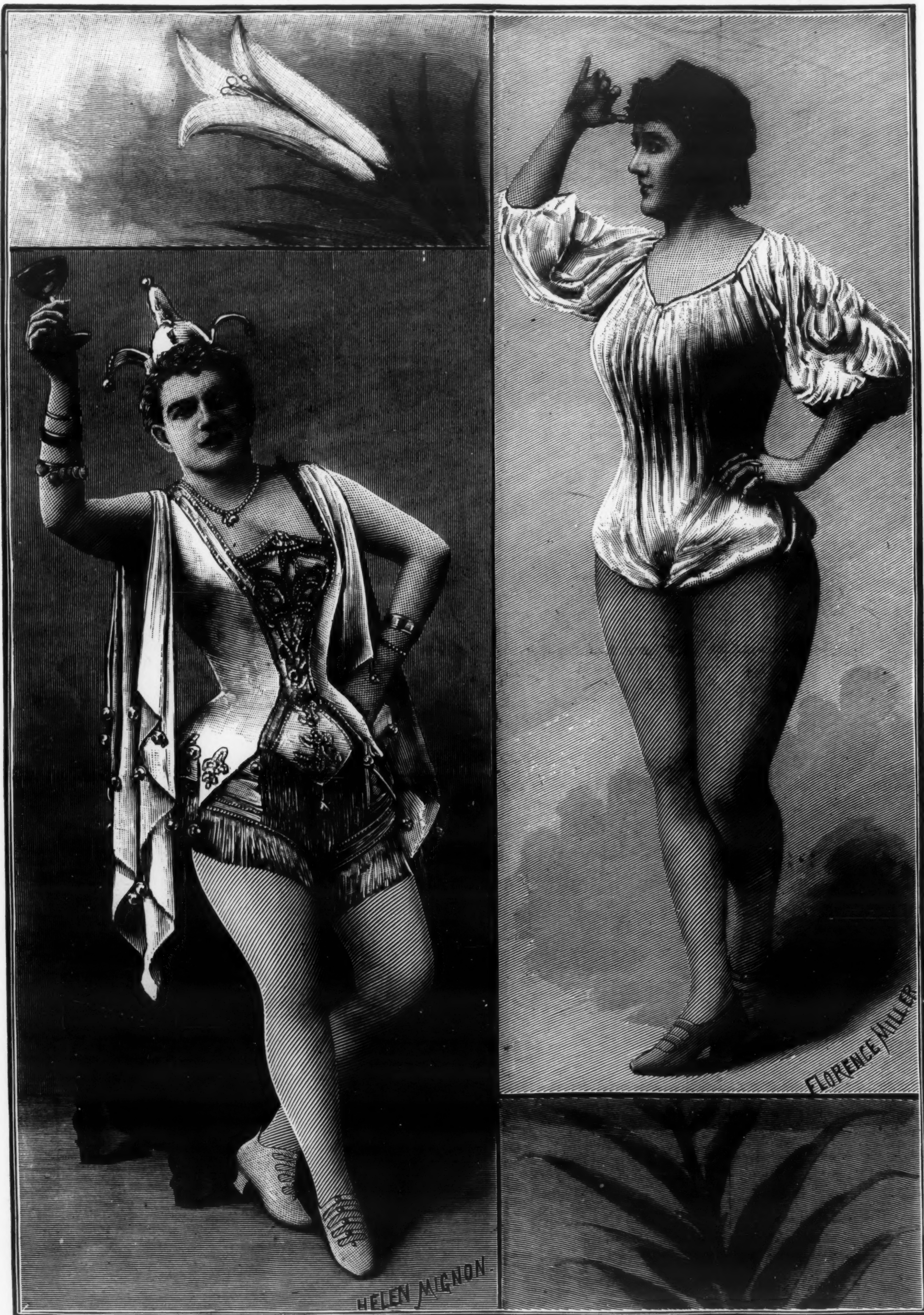
"Now," said Gen. Butterworth, "state just what took place on the carriage ride. What was done and what was said."

"I cannot repeat just what was said," said Col. Breckinridge, knitting his brows and passing his hand through his white locks.

"Well," said Gen. Butterworth, "give it in substance, and tell us the best you can what happened."

Col. Breckinridge looked up to the right corner of the ceiling. Miss Pollard glowered at him when not taking notes.

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HELEN MIGNON AND FLORENCE MILLER.

A DAINY PAIR OF HANDSOME AND SHAPELY BURLESQUERS, WHO ARE GENERALLY ADMIRER.



A PUGILIST SAVES A GIRL.

BIRDIE MELLVILLE RESCUED FROM A HOUSE OF ILL-FAME BY CHARLES SLUSHER, IN LOUISVILLE, KY.



ROBBERS BURNED OFF HIS EAR.

THEY ALSO BURNED HIS HANDS AND THEN BASIL HALL CONSENTED TO TURN OVER A SUM OF MONEY, NEAR PARKERSBURG, W. VA.



KILLED A BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

THOMAS TRAINOR, THE DIVORCED HUSBAND OF A WOMAN, SHOOTS HER AND HER NEW HUSBAND, IN PENSACOLA, FLA.

LETTERS THAT TOLD TALES.

A Society Woman's Secretary Makes a Discovery.

HER SILENCE PURCHASED.

A Story Which Has Stirred Up New York Grandames.

SOCIETY SECRETS LAID BARE.

"Society" has been profoundly agitated during the last fortnight by a new "development." A new danger has arisen in its midst which threatens its very existence. It has, like Frankenstein, created a monster which may, or at least can, destroy it.

And the "monster" in this case wears skirts, and looks pretty and lady-like, talks several languages, and is, in fact, part of "society" itself, being no less than the society lady's secretary.

For it has recently transpired that the young lady secretary of a well-known society lady has in the course of her regular routine duties, taken advantage of the facilities afforded her, obtained possession of some "private" correspondence of her principal and has been "trading" on her "find" heavily. "Society" regards this indeed as a new development and a new danger. It is both. No case of this kind has occurred before, but it may occur again, and its frequent occurrence would be fatally disastrous. For, on the one hand, society ladies cannot do nowadays without secretaries, and, on the other hand, the ladies are entirely at the mercy of their secretaries.

The requirements of society have grown of late to such large proportions—the social circles of the select have so expanded of recent years—that those ladies who are, by their position, obliged to entertain largely, are absolutely compelled to have or to hire other people, who must be themselves ladies, more or less, of course, to send out their invitations, to write acceptances, regrets, &c.

In the majority of cases the secretaries of society ladies are simply persons who have been recommended to their principals, and who are simply, though literally, paid by them. The secretaries look upon themselves in their true light, as hired employees, and do not expect or receive any special social courtesies. But in some instances no salaries are paid to the secretaries, who, in lieu of compensation, become, as it were, members of the family.

In these latter cases the secretaries are ladies of gentle birth and breeding, sometimes of better families than those who employ them, and beyond the social advantages offered them, as a full equivalent for their services, and they are right.

Not long ago the secretary of a prominent lady became acquainted, through the lady's introduction, with a rich young swell, who was popularly presumed to be paying court to her own daughter. But the secretary was handsome, while the daughter was not, and the swell, being youthful, was, spite of his money, somewhat romantic, so the usual thing happened. The swell paid attention to the secretary, which fact was noticed by the society lady, who acted promptly. She at once discharged the secretary, but the mischief had been done, and the private secretary is now the society lady herself. She recently had the politeness or the assurance (according to the point of view) to send her former employer, or principal, an invitation to one of her own receptions. Society, when it heard this, was anxious to see how the lady to whom the invitation was sent would take it. Would she construe it as an insult, or would she ignore it? She was equal to the occasion and did neither. She accepted it in the most friendly manner, apparently, and made it a point to be present conspicuously at her former secretary's social function. She also took good care so to outshine her hostess in diamonds and dress as to throw her completely in the shade in her own house and at her own reception. She also made a point to have her daughter attend the reception, resplendent, like her mother, in costume and jewelry, and accompanied by her new suitor, a little Englishman of much larger wealth than the swell who had deserted her to marry the secretary.

These three, mother, daughter and suitor, took possession of the reception, and thus rendered what had been designed as a slight, a triumph, achieving a revenge only possible to a smart society woman. In several instances young ladies of good appearance and education, though of limited incomes, have made good matches through the opportunities offered them by the position of a society lady's private secretary, so that at present the position is greatly in demand, as will be shown by the following "ad," which appeared last month in the issue of a morning paper:

WANTED—By a young and cultivated lady of excellent character and family, a position as secretary, amanuensis or confidential attendant or companion to a wealthy lady in society in New York. No salary expected, and the best of references given as to respectability, &c., a good home and treatment as a social equal being taken as full equivalent for conscientious work.

As this advertisement must have cost a neat sum, it illustrates forcibly the importance attached, at least of the advertiser, to the position. But the particular secretary to whom reference is made in this article as having started society by the advantages she has taken of the position illegitimately did not herself advertise, but was advertised for.

She was a typewriter employed in the Equitable Building, and was a rather pretty girl, tall, with blonde hair, and bright, restless eyes. She saw the advertise-

ment, answered it, and being both good-looking and a good talker, obtained the position and entered upon her duties at once. She was engaged on a Thursday and began on the next day, Friday. At first it was arranged that she remain at her boarding house, on University place, calling at her employer's house on Madison avenue, near Thirty-fifth street, every morning at 10 o'clock, remaining the rest of the day subject to her employer's orders, returning each evening to her boarding house in time for dinner, taking only her lunch at the lady's house.

But this arrangement only lasted a week; it was found inconvenient alike to the secretary, in case of bad weather, etc., and to the society lady, who sometimes needed services earlier than 10 o'clock on mornings when she had not been out late the night before.

The secretary's duties likewise ran often into the night, preventing her from leaving for her dinner; so it was arranged that she was to give up her boarding house and live at the Madison avenue residence. By this time the secretary had wormed or won her way into the good graces of her employer, who, being naturally as indolent and careless as the typewriter was keen and industrious, gradually trusted her implicitly with her correspondence, and was never tired of telling her friends what a treasure she had in her secretary.

One afternoon, so the secretary herself told one of her former typewriting friends, she found a number of letters lying on her employer's table in her dressing room. The letters had been evidently taken out of a large envelope in which they had been received, and which was lying open on the table beside the letters.

The secretary, with no suspicions of their contents or character, so she said, in the regular discharge of her routine work glanced at the letters, and started as well she might, for these epistles were of the most compromising character, involving the reputations, not only of the secretary's employer herself, but of several of her lady friends well known in New York society.

According to the secretary's statement to her typewriter friend and confidante, the letters were six in number and referred to a private club after the fashion of the Vaudeville Club, where the members, male and

of course, there was a law against it, and her husband could have protected her. But she dare not let her husband even suspect the existence of the letters. "Gus" was his dearest friend. She could not invoke the law—and publicity.

So she has done the only three things she could do. She has submitted to the secretary's demands, and increased her salary, stipulating only that she is no longer an inmate of her household. She is negotiating with her for the absolute sale of the typewritten copies, and above all, she has destroyed the original six letters.

HELEN MIGNON AND FLORENCE MILLER.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

We present on our theatrical page this week the pictures of two clever women who are general favorites in the profession they adorn. Helen Mignon and Florence Miller are talented burlesquers, who add singing and dancing to the charm exercised by a pretty face and shapely ankle.

BECAUSE THE BABY CRIED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Another brutal story comes from the coal regions. At Barbertown, near Scranton, Pa., Andro Bartell became angered because the baby cried. He picked the infant up out of the cradle, took the lid off the stove and threw the little one on the hot coals. His sister rescued the babe, but it was so badly burned that it died. Bartell left the house and has not been found.

SHOT A WOMAN CHICKEN-THIEF.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Thomas Hepner fixed up an electric arrangement to catch persons stealing chickens from the coop of his



HIGH JINKS REFERRED TO IN THE LETTERS.

when Annie broke out and ran. Thereupon Hepner fired, striking her left arm and completely shattering it. Amputation will be necessary.

GIRLS HAD TO SHOW THEIR SCARS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Under the direction of Health Commissioner Emory a census of all the public school children in Brooklyn who should undergo revaccination is being compiled. To determine whether such a step is necessary a corps of special physicians have been making a tour of the schools and examining the vaccination marks on the arms and thighs of the pupils.

When Dr. Fitzgerald, a youthful medical graduate who is on Dr. Emory's special staff, called at school 35 in Lewis avenue on Wednesday and informed Principal Ives of his mission, Mr. Ives made a vigorous kick against the summary examination, and the young doctor was threatened with expulsion from the school when he insisted on going on with it. Mr. Ives at once communicated with Dr. Robert A. Black, Dr. Emory's chief of staff, and it was arranged that previous to the examination the parents of the children should be notified, so as to prepare them for the ordeal.

The examination was, therefore, postponed until the other day, when most of the girls arrived at the school with the sleeves of their dresses slit open so that the vaccination mark might be exposed with as little delay as possible.

Dr. Fitzgerald first tackled the boys, and met with little trouble in taking the census. The younger girls also accepted the situation gracefully, and Dr. Fitzgerald's troubles did not really begin until he had reached the girls in the higher grades, who range from sixteen to nineteen years of age. A few girls had been vaccinated on the back of the legs and some on the thighs and these were privately examined by the doctor in the presence of a female teacher. Probably half a dozen of the older girls who had been similarly vaccinated absented themselves from school so as to avoid the examination. Dr. Fitzgerald has got their addresses and will call at their homes.

When the census of the school children has been com-

pleted a similar census of the teachers will be taken, and for this purpose it is said that women physicians will probably be employed.

KILLED A BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A terrible tragedy was enacted in Pensacola, Fla., the other night in which H. C. Huff and bride, who had been married but three hours previous, lost their lives.

Mrs. Huff was formerly the wife of Thomas Trainor, a steamboat captain. Last fall she obtained a divorce from Trainor and the other day married Huff.

After the divorce Trainor continued to visit the home of his former wife and kept his clothes there. It is not known whether marriage relations were assumed, but it is not thought that they were.

Trainor claims that he went to Huff's house to obtain his clothes, and was ordered out by Huff, who refused to let him have them. He refused to go without the clothes.

Huff advanced towards him with a knife in his hand. Trainor drew his pistol and shot Huff dead.

He also claims that Mrs. Huff was shot accidentally by going between him and Huff.

Both died instantly. Trainor is in jail.

HIGH JINKS IN THE "RED ONION."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The police recently raided a notorious resort known as the "Red Onion" in Hamilton, O., and captured Charley Tudor, a well-known society young man, and his safety bicycle and several young girls, when the place the "Red Onion" was in a blaze of glory. Tudor was the chief actor, while Kitty Volght and the other girls were giving a performance that would do credit to a "Dahomy Village" show. When the hilarity was at its greatest a squad of police made a grand entree, and poor Cholly, with his Kitty and his bicycle and the rest of the aggregation, were loaded in a patrol wagon and taken to the police station. Tudor was released on bond, but his Kitty and his bicycle, together with the other women, were held in custody. Tudor's escapade has created a sensation in society circles.

CHASED ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Charles Thayer, formerly bookkeeper of the B y City (Mich.) Savings Bank, with his beautiful young wife, and his brother, was captured by Southern California officers within three miles of the Mexican boundary the other night, after a pursuit across the greater part of the continent.

Thayer is twenty-three and had the fullest confidence of his employers, but about two years ago he yielded to the persuasion of a friend and took \$300 of the bank's funds on the latter's promise to repay in a few days. Instead of doing so the so-called friend exacted more money under threats of exposure. Thayer, finding that easy, began to help himself, furnished a house, and last summer married a beautiful and highly connected girl.

Exposure came, of course, and aided by his wife and younger brother Thayer fled to Los Angeles, followed by an officer. They were located and kept under surveillance until requisition papers could reach there, but they took alarm and escaped on horses purchased by the wife.

Late the other day they skirted a small settlement and were within a ten-minute ride of safety when a constable who had been notified to look out for them dashed up and seized the woman's bridle. The men quietly surrendered and were taken to San Diego. They will be taken back to Bay City.

ROBBERS BURNED OFF HIS EAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Recently about midnight robbers entered the house of Basil D. Hall, a wealthy farmer living at Great Bend, near Parkersburg, W. Va., and demanded his money. Hall recently sold a farm, and a few days since received \$5,000 cash, which he kept concealed about the house. The thieves knew this, and when Hall refused to deliver it to them they tied him on a chair and tortured him by holding a burning lamp under the palms of his hands burning them to a crisp. Hall still refused to give up his money, when the robbers caught him by the head and forced it down over the burning lamp, and burned one ear to a crisp, when Hall consented to turn over the money. Hall says he can recognize the men.

GIRLS IN A CHINESE LAUNDRY.

Two girls captured in the Chinese laundry at No. 12 Hicks street, Brooklyn, the other morning were held by Judge Walsh. When arrested they gave the names of Sadie Mantell, 18, No. 398 Market street, Newark, and Josephine Miller, 17, of No. 36 Concord street, Jersey City. The addresses are false. They said they were induced to go to the laundry by a young man named Flynn. Josephine Miller said her real name was Laubenheimer, and she had an aunt at No. 163 Twentieth street, Brooklyn.

VALENTINE HABEL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Valentine Habel, whose portrait appears on another page, is a bartender in Wood's Hotel, Ripon, Wis. He is an all-round athlete, and puts up a 300-pound dumb-bell and excels in other feats.

JOSEPH W. GEON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Joseph W. Geon, whose portrait is reproduced on another page, is the proprietor of the Senate Bar, in East Liverpool, O. He is a well known sportsman and backed Ed Gorman in his recent battle with Kelly.

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PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES

Mrs. Hayward Copied Letters While Her Husband Slept.

MINNIE BLAMES HER MOTHER.

Happy Lovers, Separated by a Rival's Forgeries, Reunited.

LOVE AND ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

Copies of eighty letters in the possession of the attorney for the plaintiff will, it is alleged, play an important part in the trial of the divorce suit of Walter H. Gantz, which will be called for trial in the Special Term of the Superior Court this city.

These copies were, it is asserted by the plaintiff, procured by the wife of the co-respondent, who, while her husband slept at night, crept out of bed, took the originals from his pocket, copied them on whatever kind of paper she could easily reach and then carefully replaced them in his pocket.

Her reason for finally turning the copies over to Mr. Gantz is said to be that she was a devout Catholic and therefore did desire to stop the leading astray of her husband, which she says she was convinced was the real state of affairs.

Mr. Gantz, whose father is Millionaire George F. Gantz, formerly a member of Gantz, Toms & Co. and a director of the Broadway Bank, began the suit against Cornelia A. Gantz in December, 1891, naming as co-respondent Abner Hayward, of No. 314 West Forty-seventh street, a first cousin of Mrs. Gantz.

In reply to this Mrs. Gantz filed a cross action in February, 1892, naming as co-respondent Miss Kate Johnston. Later Mrs. Gantz was allowed \$50 per month alimony, but the trial of the case has been postponed from time to time until Judge Freedman, in Part II. of the Superior Court, on Wednesday sent the case to the Special Term. The lawyers in the case are H. D. Lange, of No. 35 Wall street, for the plaintiff, and William C. Beecher, of No. 237 Broadway, for the defendant.

The fact that copies of alleged letters from Mrs. Gantz to Mr. Hayward are to form a part of the evidence has not been mentioned in any of the court proceedings as yet, but Mr. Gantz said that these copies had been given to him by Mrs. Hayward and that they were carefully guarded.

"Mrs. Hayward," he said, "copied letters found in her husband's pocket and brought them to me. That was the first knowledge I had that there was anything between my wife and the co-respondent. Mrs. Hayward had told my father and other relatives before she came to me, and I was the last to hear it."

Mrs. Gantz, through her brother-in-law, "Harry" Kirk, of No. 346 West Fifty-sixth street, at whose house she is now living, denied that there had been any such letters.

"I know nothing of such letters," he said, "and have never heard of them."

But Mrs. Hayward said she had found the originals in her husband's pocket.

"It was in 1891," she said. "I used to wait until my husband was asleep; then I slipped out of bed and took these letters from his pocket and copied them on bits of wrapping paper, or brown paper, or whatever kind of paper I could find."

"Of course I had to be careful not to awaken him, but it was a mean thing for me to do, and now I wish I had not copied the letters. But my husband was being led astray. You know how easy it is for a woman to capture a man and—well, I do not care to say any more about it. Poor woman, she will have enough to stand without my adding to her troubles."

"My husband now knows about the letters, about my copying them, but I have been told to say nothing about them. I don't know whether he will be in to-night or not."

That was all Mrs. Hayward would say about the matter. She said she had forgotten the nature of the letters, and she wished to forget the whole thing, but supposed the story would have to be told in court.

These letters, it is said, are very interesting, considering that they are alleged to have been written by the mother of four children, three boys who are now away at school, and a little girl in her mother's care. They are said to have begun "Darling Walter," "My own darling," and to have ended "From your own Nell."

Only a hint of their contents could be learned. They are said to have been similar and to have been written at the rate of two a day and sent to a cigar store in Eighth avenue, where Mr. Hayward got them.

Some of them are short, merely stating that the "boys are at school and Walter at the wharf." Mr. Gantz was at that time connected with the customs service. Then they are said to have asked Walter to call on the writer. Mr. Gantz refused to allow any of them to be seen until after they are offered in evidence.

"Oh! I cannot tell this story of my mother."

A strikingly pretty girl stood before Justice Ryan, in the Jefferson Market Police Court, the other day, her face buried in her hands and tears of shame and grief stealing from her big blue eyes. She was Miss Minnie Bell, of 161 West Sixteenth street. Standing beside her was an older woman, but still youthful enough in appearance to have caused Justice Ryan to commit the very natural error of mistaking her for Miss Bell's sister.

When he was told that she was the girl's mother he

appeared to be surprised, but his surprise changed to indignation when he heard Minnie's story. The girl is employed in a Broadway dry goods establishment and earns \$5 a week. She received her salary on Monday, and brought the entire amount home to her mother Minnie said, between her sobs, that her mother upbraided her for bringing home such an insignificant sum of money. The girl was prepared for this, because her mother had of late reverted to the same topic upon every possible occasion, and insinuated that Minnie should earn more by entering upon a life of depravity. Though pained beyond measure by her mother's conduct and unnatural advice, Minnie did not say a word to her friends or relatives.

The night before, however, Mrs. Bell became so insistent that Minnie was compelled to assert herself. She called upon relatives for protection, and the upshot of the affair was that a visit was made by persons interested to the Twentieth-street police station. There the sergeant was acquainted with the facts.

Minnie told her story, and Mrs. Bell made such explanations as she deemed fit. The sergeant was shocked and said Mrs. Bell would have to remain a prisoner at the police station. This turn in affairs was something the mother had not counted upon, and a painful scene followed, but the sergeant remained obdurate, and Mrs. Bell had to go downstairs in charge of a policeman. A charge of disorderly conduct was entered against her name on the station register, and her daughter was named as the complainant. There was a disposition to save Mrs. Bell from further disgrace, but Justice Ryan, who had an inkling of the facts, insisted upon the daughter telling her sad story, and when he had learned it he insisted upon punishing Mrs. Bell.

He gave her the alternative of a fine of \$10 or ten days on the Island. The woman preferred the Island, and she was committed there. The only explanation of her conduct which she offered was that she had been worried a great deal by the repeated absence of her daughter from home.

She said that she had been separated from her husband for twelve years. Minnie will hereafter live with an uncle, who has agreed to look out for her.

A remarkable story, full of romance and pathos, was revealed by the reunion of two old sweethearts, who had formerly been separated by trickery, in the law of



COPIED HIS LETTERS.

fices of Waldorf H. Phillips, No. 29 Broadway, this city. This couple was estranged fourteen years ago by means of forged letters written by a rival suitor for

the woman's hand. The death of a wife and a husband brought the two lovers together again.

About seven years ago Lawyer Phillips was engaged in recovering some commissions for several Americans who arranged the sale to English capitalists of a number of large breweries in Chicago. While engaged on this case Mr. Phillips met an Englishman named James W. Marshall in the offices of his London solicitors. Mr. Marshall then secured Mr. Phillips' services to look after certain property interests he possessed in this country.

In the course of their business correspondence Mr. Marshall requested his lawyer to endeavor to ascertain the whereabouts and condition of John S. Giebert and wife, who left Manchester, England, in 1880, a few weeks after they were married in that city. Mr. Marshall furnished enough data to enable Lawyer Phillips to ascertain that the Gieberts came to this city to live, but went west about four years ago. He finally succeeded in locating Mrs. Giebert in Chicago. Her husband was dead, and she was having no easy task of it in supporting herself and a young daughter.

An agent of Mr. Marshall's came to this country after the discovery of Mrs. Giebert. He went to Chicago and learned from Mrs. Giebert, who, it appears, was engaged to marry Mr. Marshall fifteen years ago, that her husband, Giebert, had confessed on his death bed that he had wronged her when he married her. He said he wrote the letter breaking off her engagement which she believed came from Marshall, as well as a letter he sent to Marshall forging his sweetheart's handwriting and telling him she could never marry him.

Mrs. Giebert was then a Miss Mary Nelson, a relative of the famous Admiral Nelson. Giebert was an expert penman, and so cleverly imitated the handwriting of Marshall and Miss Nelson that they had no doubt as to the authenticity of the letters each received. By

Don't miss "A Fatal Sin," No. 14 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Handsomely illustrated with 58 engravings. Price 50 cents. Sold by all newsdealers or sent direct by mail, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

this ruse Giebert, who had been a friend of Marshall's, was enabled to wed Miss Nelson himself. Marshall went to Australia. He is now very wealthy, and is engaged in business as a promoter.

His wife died five years ago, and he, too, has a young daughter. His agent brought Mrs. Giebert to this city, where she met her old sweetheart at Lawyer Phillips' office. Mr. Marshall had intended to leave her all his American property interests, but will now marry her instead as the result of their meeting.

Mr. Marshall and Mrs. Giebert have gone to Chicago to secure Mrs. Giebert's daughter and gather together her effects, preparatory to sailing to England, where she will wed the man who was really the man of her choice.

THE HEAVYWEIGHT LIFTING TROPHY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of the "Police Gazette" championship belt, representing the female heavyweight lifting championship of America. The trophy is made of solid gold and silver, and was presented to Minerva, the "Police Gazette" champion strong woman of the world, by Richard K. Fox. The belt is the first trophy ever presented to a female champion athlete in America.

A PUGILIST SAVES A GIRL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Charles Slusher, the pugilist, has made his appearance in the role of savior of young girls inclined to stray from the path of virtue. When Gus Williams's company was in Louisville, Ky., there was in the company a Cincinnati girl, Birdie Melville, sister of George Melville. Birdie did not make a great hit on the stage, and



when the company left she remained in Louisville, becoming an inmate of Gussie Winters's house of ill-fame, on Tenth street. George Melville heard of his sister's disappearance and wired Slusher to look her up. As Melville had been a friend of Slusher's in his first fight with Vokes, the Louisville

boy started on a round of houses of prostitution, and finally located the girl.

He then notified Melville, who at once went to Louisville. The girl at first did not want to go, and she was backed up by the Winters woman. Melville, however, used some pretty strong arguments, in which the flourishing of a pistol figured largely, and Birdie concluded she would go along. Brother and sister left for Cincinnati.

KILLED HER FATHER WITH AN AXE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

F. J. Willis, who lives at Homer, Ga., was killed last week by his daughter Lillian and his wife.

The news of the tragedy did not leak out for several days, when a son, Francis, eleven years of age, told it to some neighbors. The daughter and mother were arrested and given a preliminary trial.

The boy testified that his father came home from work about dark, and setting his bottles of whiskey upon the cupboard, called for his supper. After beginning to eat his meal, a difficulty arose between the father and mother.

The former sat down on a chair before the fire, when Lillian, about fifteen years of age, struck him with the axe, cutting a gash in his skull. Rising up and screaming, Willis threw back his head, and the mother took the axe from the girl and cut him across the throat with it.

The girl says she struck the blow with the axe after having cut her father's throat with a razor, while he was choking her mother to death.

After drawing the razor across the throat of her father, and seeing that he was not dead, she picked up the axe and finished him.

Her plea was that she did the deed to save her mother's life.

JACOB S. COXEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Jacob S. Coxey, who has suddenly sprung into prominence, is a native of Massillon, O. He is the leader of the great Commonwealth army of tramps, which started on Easter Sunday from Massillon to march to Washington, D. C. "Gen." Coxey, as he is called, has an idea that his army can persuade the Federal Government to issue \$500,000,000 in irredeemable paper money to be spent in the construction of public roads, and thereby give all the idle men in the country work. The army is having a pretty tough time of it and the police officials of some of the towns on the route are prepar-

ing to give the tramps a warm reception. A portrait of Coxey appears on another page.

SHOT THE WOMAN HE INSULTED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A sheriff's posse and scores of citizens are searching the northern part of Warren county, Ia., for George Ashworth, and if he is caught he will be lynched. Ashworth is about twenty years old, and has been working for Wilbur Mason on his farm near Sumner.

The other afternoon, while Mason was in Indianola, Ashworth insulted Mrs. Mason, who was young and pretty. He was repulsed, and Mrs. Mason told him she would tell her husband. Ashworth then went upstairs, procured a revolver, and returning to where Mrs. Mason sat rocking her baby to sleep, shot her three times. Ashworth fled, and was last seen at dusk ten miles away. Mrs. Mason will not live.

DESPERATE STRUGGLE WITH A BURGLAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

William H. Dorris is a collector for the King's County Trust Company, and lives with his daughter in a two-story and basement brick cottage at 507 Sixth avenue, near Twelfth street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Dorris is fifty-nine years old and his daughter is twenty-five. The father and daughter were alone in the house the other morning, he in a rear, she in a front bedroom, when at half-past 3 o'clock a burglar entered, and did not leave the house until he had attempted in three different ways to kill Mr. Dorris.

The burglar entered a back basement window, which he opened with a jimmy. Then he lit a dark lantern, with which he searched his way to the bedroom occupied by the collector. He turned off the light from his lantern, put it near the top of the stairs, and attempted first to chloroform Mr. Dorris. He took a heavy bandanna handkerchief, as large as a small table cover, and saturated it. He must have used several ounces, as the big, coarse handkerchief was heavily soaked with chloroform an hour later.

This handkerchief was placed over the sleeping man's nose and mouth, and the story of violence would have ended there did it not happen that Mr. Dorris has a physical "intolerance" of chloroform. Its odor first irritates rather than quiets him, and he awoke under its effect instead of passing into a profounder sleep. Then a hard struggle began.

The burglar clutched the drugged handkerchief and pressed it over Mr. Dorris's face as he observed him wakening, but Mr. Dorris, although his head was held down and he could breathe only by inhaling the fumes of the drug, freed his head from the bedclothes, caught the burglar by the throat and threw him back. Then the burglar raised a heavy revolver in his right hand and dealt Dorris a terrific blow on the head, back of and a little above the ear. This made an ugly wound two inches long. But the collector was still able to struggle and kick the bedclothes free from his legs, which he had drawn up preparatory to swinging them out of bed, in an effort to gain a foothold on which to make his fight, when the burglar, made desperate by the hard and unexpected resistance, exclaimed:

"Damn you, this will fix you!" and fired the pistol.

At that moment there were shrill screams for help sounded in the street from the front bedroom.

The burglar then started to make his escape. He picked up the dark lantern and was about to go out into the hallway when he encountered Miss Dorris, who had been awakened by the noise of the pistol shot. The burglar did not attempt to attack her. He dropped the lantern and rushed down stairs, and nothing more was seen of him. Miss Dorris, on reaching the room, found Mr. Dorris unconscious and covered with blood. Opening one of the windows she began screaming for help. She then threw herself on her father's form and begged him to speak.

Policeman Ansorg, of the Fifth avenue station responded, but the burglar had escaped. Mr. Dorris will recover from his injuries.

DICK MOORE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The next important athletic encounter which will create more than usual interest will be the battle between Dick Moore, the middleweight champion of the Northwest, and Dan Creedon, the middleweight champion of Australia, who are to fight on April 27 in the Twin City Athletic Club, Minneapolis, for a purse of \$1,000. Creedon and Moore recently fought a draw in Boston, and the battle ended very unsatisfactorily to Creedon's admirers. A portrait of Moore appears on another page.

JOE WOLCOTT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Joe Wolcott, the colored lightweight champion of America, is now under the management of Thomas O'Rourke. Wolcott is one of the greatest lightweights now fighting in the arena. He has won many battles and he is now matched to fight Tom Tracey, of Australia for a purse of \$1,200. Wolcott's portrait appears on another page.

FRANK FREEMAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

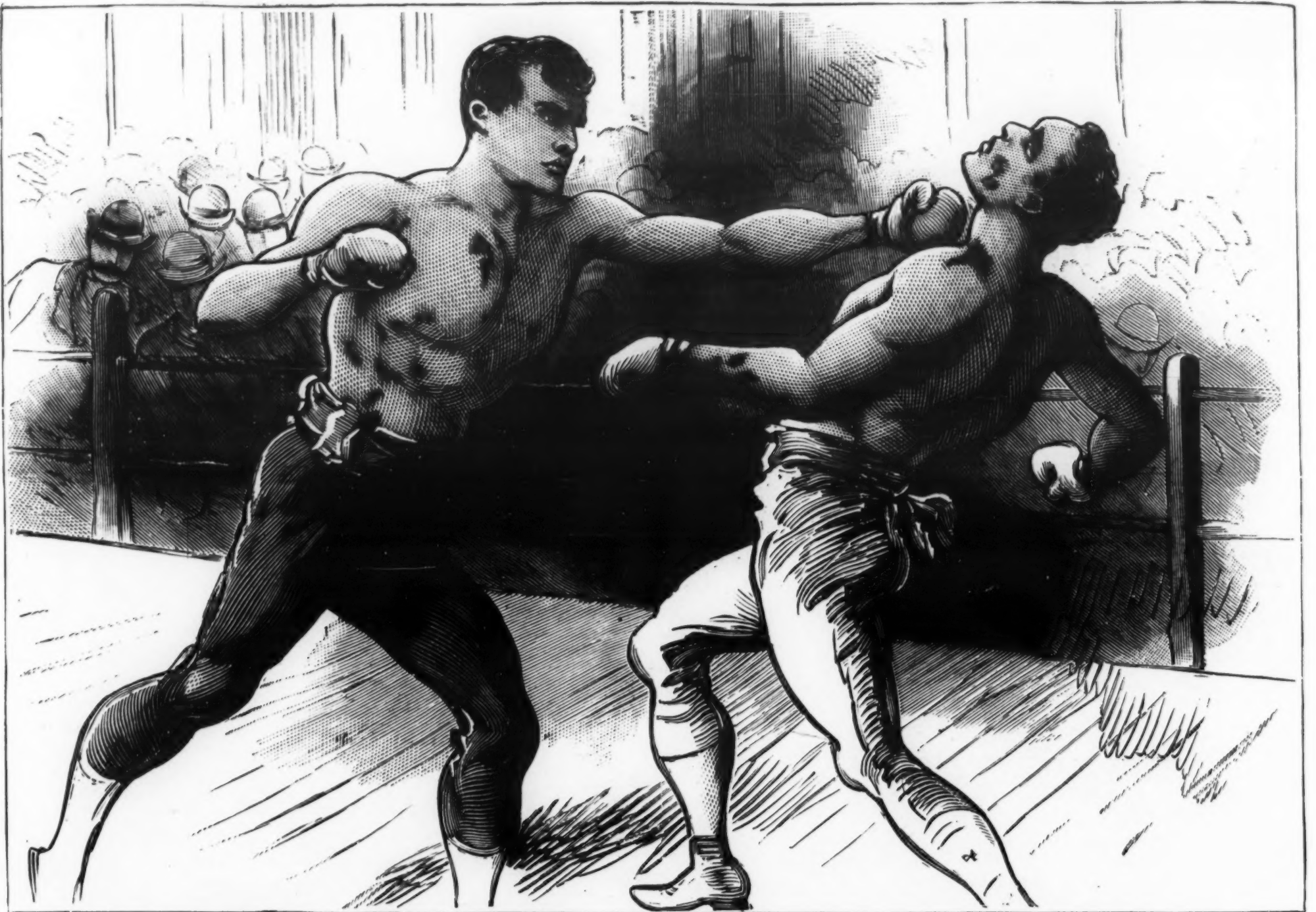
Frank Freeman, whose portrait is reproduced on another page, is the wideawake and hustling advance agent of Huber's Museum, New York. He is a clever business man and is very popular in the theatrical profession.

JERRY EDDINGER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Jerry Eddinger, whose portrait appears in this issue, is a famous baseball twirler. He has been signed as pitcher to the Merrifield baseball club, of Quincy, Ill. He resides at Galesburg, Ill., and the boys think he is champion with a baseball.

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SHOT THE WOMAN HE INSULTED.
AND THE CITIZENS OF WARREN COUNTY, IA., WILL LYNCH GEORGE ASHWORTH IF THEY CATCH HIM.



CHASED ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

A DEVOTED WIFE'S BRAVE EFFORT TO SAVE HER ABSCONDING HUSBAND FAILS, NEAR SAN DIEGO, CAL.



GIRLS HAD TO SHOW THEIR SCARS.

BROOKLYN BOARD OF HEALTH PHYSICIANS CAUSE A DECIDED SENSATION IN A PUBLIC SCHOOL.



BECAUSE THE BABY CRIED.

ANDRO BARTELLI, A BRUTAL COAL MINER, THROWS THE INFANT INTO THE FIRE, AND IT IS BURNED TO DEATH, NEAR SCRANTON, PA.



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ANNIE GOULD GETS HURT WHILE MONKEYING WITH A NEIGHBOR'S CHICKEN COOP IN BRIDGETON, N. J.



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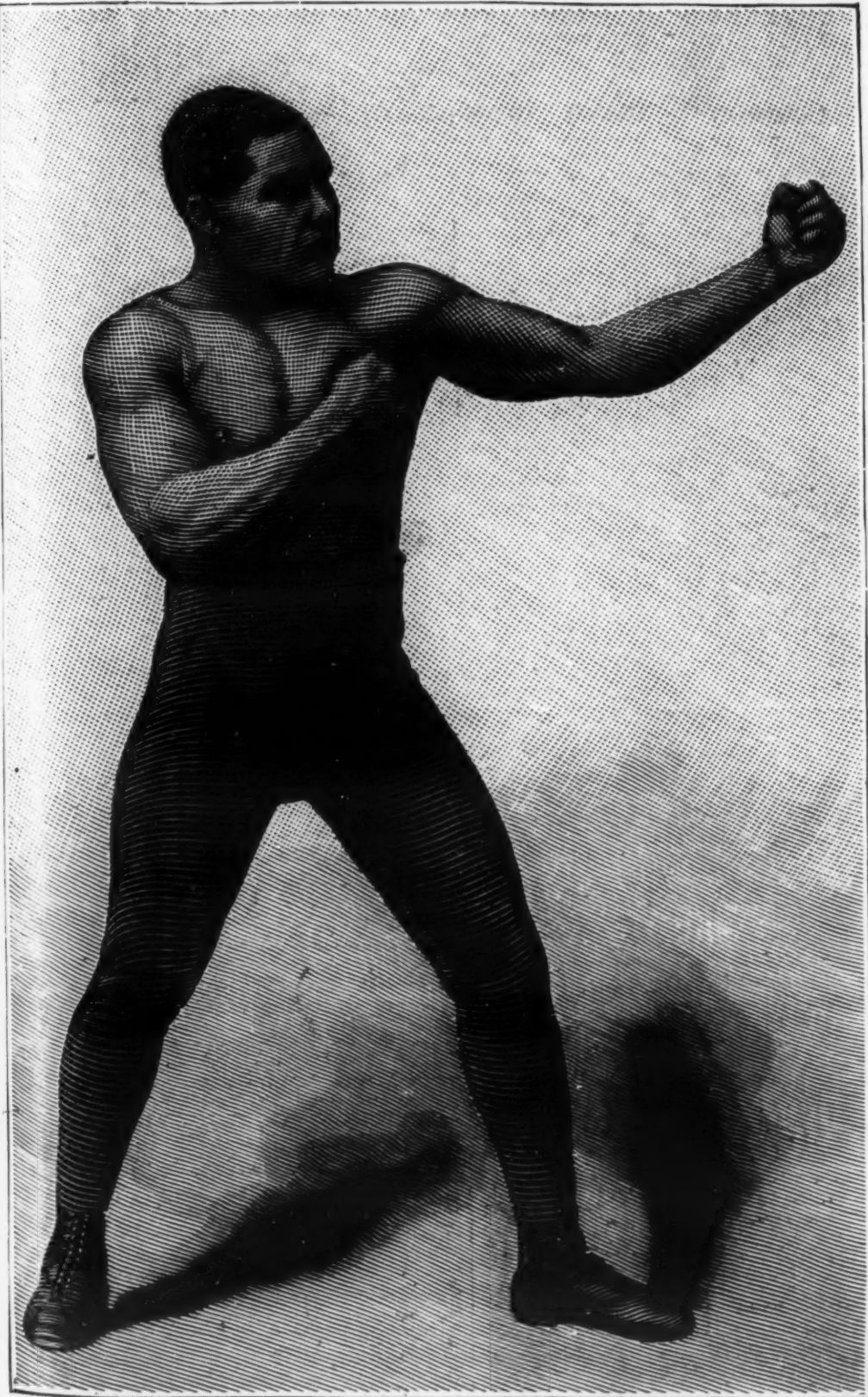
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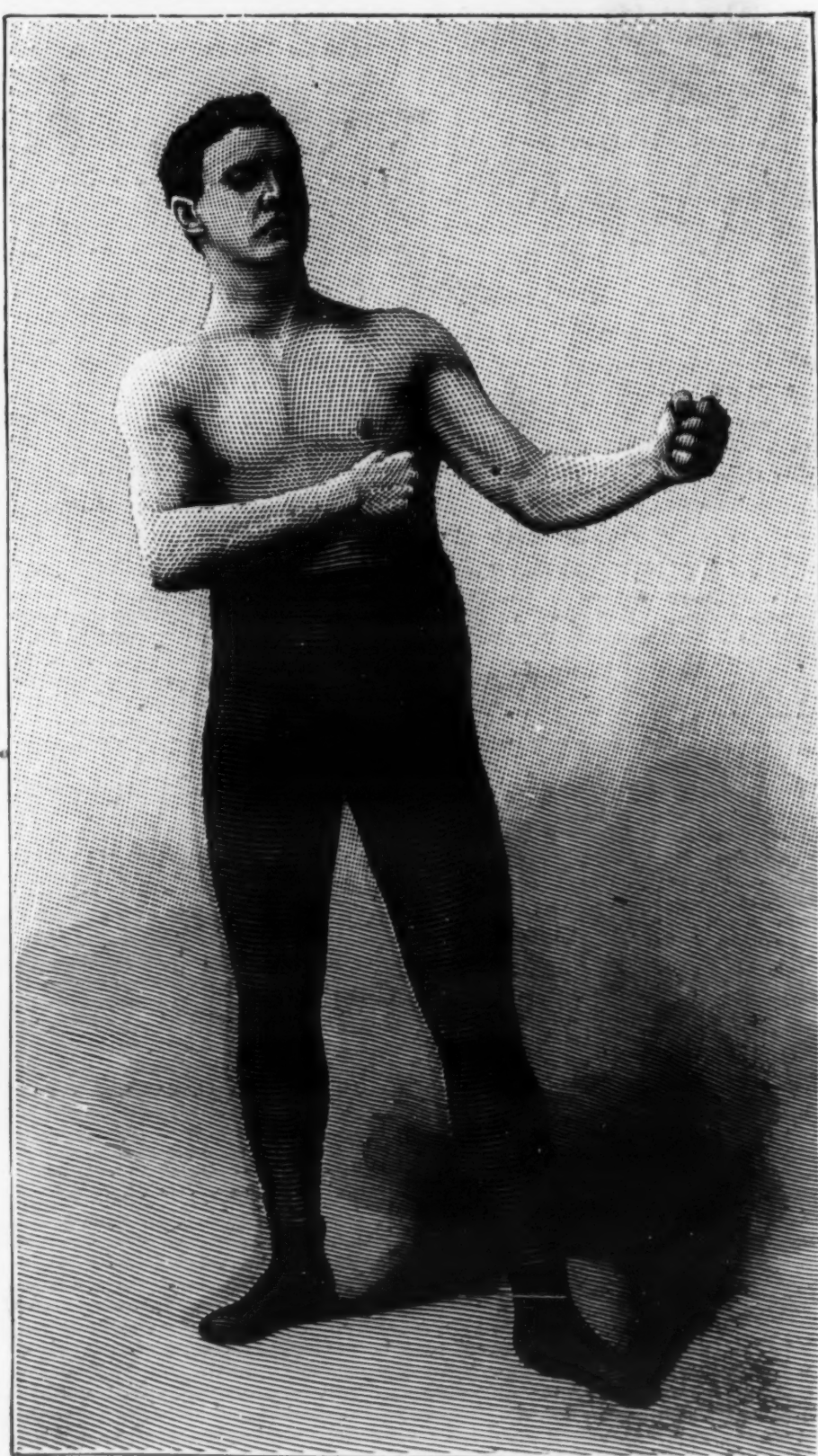
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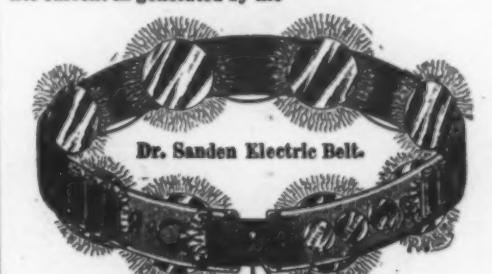
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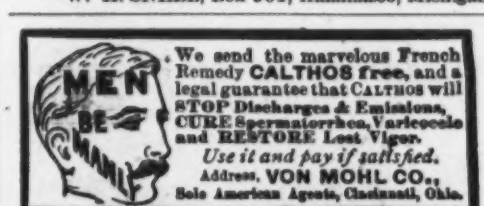
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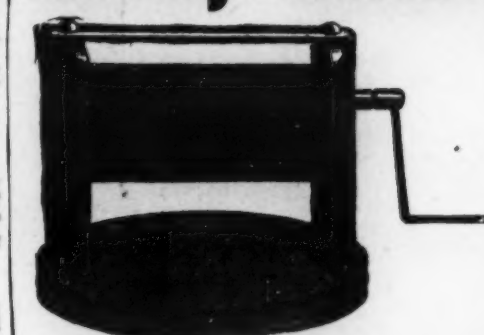
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